hadn't been disturbed since Adam replaced them Friday afternoon.

*

This afternoon, I was saying, we still had time to sit and talk to the tenants. Gabriel was with us. Betty came in for a few minutes, wondering if Adam would let her watch him lift weights. It was one of her favorite things. Adam said he'd do twenty flexes, but started to slow down at the thirteenth flex. He only made it to seventeen. He passed the weights back to Betty, exhausted. Betty smiled. He couldn't fool her. Ladies don't lift weights.

Adam pulled the sleeve of his sports shirt up over his lean bicep. "Feel," he commanded. "Muscle." Betty touched it gently, blushing. "Wow," she said.

"Quit stalling," Adam said. By now he was holding the door open for her to go. "Am I ugly?" Betty asked all of a sudden. "You're cute as a button." He touched the flat end of Betty's nose. "Go." Betty lurched off down the hall, blowing her brains out with her finger.

Gabriel was deluded that he had a factory job. I think it might have had some basis in the volunteering he did in the garden at Scalding Court. A factory job would have been a step up. In the New Millenium it represented security and dignity. Gabriel wanted me to do up his schedule. We spent